MARVEL

8

LGY#290

ZIGLAR
VICENTINI
VALENZA

MILES MORALES: SPIDER-MAN

Years ago, high school student MILES MORALES was bitten by a genetically altered spider and gained incredible arachnid-like abilities: the proportional speed, strength, and agility of a spider, adhesive fingers and toes, the power to direct a bioelectric charge like a sting, to camouflage himself to the point of invisibility, and to detect approaching danger using his precognitive "Spider-Sense." He hid these abilities at first, until a hero inspired him to use them to try to make the world more just. HE IS…

MILES MORALES: SPIDER-MAN

SPUN OUT

PART ONE

Miles has had a heck of a time lately. After super villain RABBLE learned Spidey's secret identity and destroyed the Morales family home, Miles, Jeff, Rio, and Billie moved to an apartment in a new neighborhood. Before they could even get settled, Spider-Man battled CARNAGE when CLETUS KASADY returned to threaten all of NYC.

Though Carnage was defeated and Miles' powers are growing, Spider-Man still faces grave threats--like the city's anti-super-hero task force, the CAPE KILLERS, led by AGENT GAO--who's put a target on Miles' back. It's only a matter of time before Gao tries to bring Spidey in.

And there's always another errant power-hungry, hyper-violent super villain Spider-Man needs to deal with…

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BROOKLYN.

OH MY GOD! I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY *FOOD TRUCKS* IN MY LIFE!

MILES, YOU SAY THAT EVERY SINGLE TIME WE COME, AND *EVERY* SINGLE TIME, WE HAVE TO LEAVE EARLY 'CAUSE YOU ATE TOO MUCH.

QR CODE SCANNED--Y'ALL GOOD.

JUDGE, HOW 'BOUT YOU JUST LET ME LIVE?

JUDGE'S RIGHT--YOU ABSOLUTELY DO **NOT** HAVE SELF-CONTROL.

NOT TO DOGPILE MILES, BUT JUDGE IS ONE HUNDRED PERCENT RIGHT ON THIS ONE.

AW, COME ON, SELIA--YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HAVE MY BACK!

SORRY. I TOLD JUDGE I'D BE HIS DATE, BUT I DIDN'T SAY NOTHING 'BOUT BEING NICE.

COLD WORLD.

BRING A JACKET.

WE'LL SEE Y'ALL INSIDE!

SPIDER-SENSE? WHERE'S THE THREAT?!

YOU GOOD?

THERE?!

BWWNNZ

MILES, CHILL!

YO, YOU STRAIGHT?!

Y-YEAH... JUST THOUGHT-- IT'S **NOTHING.**

LOOK, WE AIN'T DOIN' THAT "KEEP EVERYTHING INSIDE" THING AGAIN. SPILL IT.

LIKE, WHAT WAS THAT, MILES?

I--I DON'T KNOW. I GUESS WITH EVERYTHING GOING ON--THE **RABBLE STUFF** AND THEN **CARNAGE**--I'VE JUST BEEN VERY JUMPY LATELY. SO, LIKE, SOMETIMES...MY SPIDEY-SENSE JUST...GOES OFF EVEN WHEN NOTHING'S THERE.

OH, MILES.

I DON'T LIKE SOUNDING LIKE A BROKEN RECORD, BUT YOU CAN'T KEEP THIS STUFF BOTTLED UP FOREVER.

I'M GOOD. I'VE GOT MY JOURNAL--

YOUR JOURNAL. YEAH, I KNOW. AND IT'S DEFINITELY A GOOD OUTLET.

BUT I'M JUST SAYIN'--MAYBE THAT'S NOT ENOUGH ANYMORE. YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH A LOT LATELY. I'M NOT GONNA PUSH IT--JUST PUTTIN' IT IN YOUR EAR.

NO, YEAH. I'M HEARING YOU. LET ME THINK ON IT.

NO PRESSURE OVER HERE, MAN.

'SIDES--CAN'T HAVE YOU ALL DOWN IN THE DUMPS WHEN YOU NEED TO BE GETTING IN ON THIS FOOD!

JUDGE, WE'RE GOING WITH THE JERK CHICKEN, PLEASE AND THANK YOU!

BUT THE OXTAIL...

AUNTIE HOOKED ME UP.

YOU MEAN SHE HOOKED **ME** UP.

WOW.

I NEED IT.

SO...WHAT DID YOU MEAN BY "NOT ENOUGH ANYMORE"?

LIKE I SAID, YOU BEEN THROUGH A LOT, AND IT KINDA SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN HAVING PANIC ATTACKS.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD GET SOMEONE TO TALK TO. LIKE A PERSON.

LIKE A ***THERAPIST?*** I AIN'T EVER REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT THAT--

OMG, CAN YOU TWO LOVE-BIRDS DO THIS LATER? I NEED YOU TO TRY THESE.

THIS THAI COFFEE'S ALMOST AS GOOD AS MY MOM'S.

I COULD LITERALLY DRINK A MILLION OF THESE.

Y'ALL MIGHT WANNA SLOW DOWN OR YOU'LL GET SICK.

PUNY COFFEE CAN'T HURT HULK'S TUMMY!

STOP TALKIN'-- YOU'RE GONNA RUIN OUR PICTURE!

HULK SAD.

COME ON, TI. JUST LEMME HOLD, LIKE, TWENTY BUCKS. THIS SHIRT IS SO WORTH IT.

YEAH, COME ON, BABE, LOOK HOW CUTE WE LOOK.

ONLY THING I'MMA LET YOU HOLD IS MY FIST UPSIDE YA HEAD IF YOU TRY TO SPEND MY MONEY ON A SHIRT FULL OF HOLES.

I DUNNO, TIANA. I'M NOT GONNA LIE, I'M KINDA SEEING THE VISION.

I DON'T WANNA HEAR NOTHING 'BOUT "VISION" FROM A BOY IN GLASSES.

HOW YOU FEELIN'?

GOOD. COULD BE BETTER.

OH?

MEANWHILE, NEARBY.

BEEN FEELING THAT *ITCH* AGAIN. AT THE BACK OF MY BRAIN. THAT...VOICE... *WHISPERING.*

BRAVO MOVING UP. SECURITY OFFLINE ON MY MARK.

THERE'S *SOMETHING...* SOMETHING I MUST *DO.*

SET. GIVE THE WORD.

DO IT.

SECURITY MEASURES OFFLINE *NOW.*

BANG BANG

CLIC

TAC!

SEEMS CRAZY TO JUST LET A PLACE STOCKED WITH THIS MUCH TECH BE MOTHBALLED.

BLAME IT ON THE DOWNSIZING. EITHER WAY, WHO GIVES A $#@%? EASY SCORE FOR US, AND ALL THIS STUFF IS GONNA MAKE US A KILLING ON THE BLACK MARKET.

GUESS WE'LL SEE.

I REMEMBER... ***LEEDS...*** AND... ***SPIDER-MAN...*** AND A VOICE...IT'S ALL SO ***HAZY.*** LIKE A DREAM...OR A NIGHTMARE...

THIS IT?

YEAH, THE PROTOTYPE SHOULD BE INSIDE. HEARD YOU CAN MESS AROUND WITH FOLKS' MEMORIES. GETTING A LINE IN RIGHT NOW, SO I GUESS WE'LL SEE... WE'LL HAVE IT OPEN IN TEN.

GOOD. SET A PERIMETER. DON'T WANT ANY OF THESE TIN CANS TO WAKE UP AND CATCH US WITH OUR PANTS DOWN.

NOT GONNA HAPPEN. PLACE IS LOCKED DOWN TIGHT.

BUT THEN I WOKE UP. THE WHISPERING STOPPED. THINGS WERE CLEAR. FOR A WHILE.

GAAAH!

BUT NOW... ITS BACK... SUGGESTING... INFLUENCING... COMMANDING...

AIN'T NOTHIN' IN HERE!

HMMM? THE HELL IS THAT--?

CONTACT! CONTACT! CONTACT!

CAN'T SEE A DAMN THING! WHO'S GOT VISUAL?!

BLAT BLAT

THERE IS SOMETHING I ***MUST*** DO.

AGAAAH!

TOO DAMN FAST!

MY BRIEF TIME AWAKE...FREE...GAVE ME A GLIMPSE OF WHAT I'VE BECOME. PIECES ON A CHESSBOARD...

NO, WAIT! COME BACK!

-HUFF HUFF-

$@#%!

REMEMBER YOUR TRAINING!

COME AND GET ME!

I SAID COME AND %£#$@£# GET IT!

BLADDA BLADDA BLADDA

WELL, NOW...

...IF YOU WANTED TO SAY HELLO...

WH-WHERE ARE YOU?!

N-NO! NOT LIKE THIS-- AGGGA GAAH!

AND THESE @#$% PAWNS ARE IN MY WAY.

...I FIGURED WE SHOULD DO IT FACE-TO-FACE!

NOW DON'T GO DYING ON ME TOO FAST!

MAARGH!

SMASH!

"WE'RE JUST ABOUT TO START SOMETHING REAL BEAUTIFUL."

I--I DON'T KNOW WHY WE DID THAT.

IT'S LIKE I COULDN'T STOP. EVEN THOUGH MY BODY WAS TELLING ME TO.

I TOLD Y'ALL NOT TO GO TOO HARD, NOW LOOK AT YOU. PANTS ALL UNBUTTONED N' STOMACHS SLIPPING OUT. NASTY WORK.

HINDSIGHT IS 20/20, TIANA. DON'T JUDGE US.

YEAH, WE STILL HAVE TO MAKE THE SHOW.

ONLY THING I'M MAKING IS A TRIP TO THE BODEGA. MY STOMACH'S DOIN' BACKFLIPS RIGHT NOW. IF I DON'T GET SOME PEPTO, AIN'T NOBODY GONNA WANNA BE AROUND ME.

GIRL, SAME.

FINE, WE'LL MEET Y'ALL AT THE SHOW. JUST GIVE US A MINUTE.

I CAN'T BELIEVE I ATE THE WHOLE THING...

I CAN BARELY WALK.

SUCK IT UP, SOLDIER. IT'S ONLY, LIKE, A BLOCK AWAY.

...SO...WANNA KEEP TALKIN'? HOW LONG'S YOUR SPIDEY-SENSE BEEN ACTING UP?

I DUNNO-- NOT TOO LONG? IT FELT MORE LIKE A BUILDUP OF OTHER THINGS. LIKE LOSING MY TEMPER AND BLOWING UP ON FOLKS.

LIKE MR. AKPOLO AND THAT BEE GUY?*

YEAH...

*BACK IN **MILES MORALES: SPIDER-MAN #1!** --TOMMY

I'M SERIOUS ABOUT SEEING SOMEONE, MILES. A REAL PROFESSIONAL. IT MIGHT NOT CURE ***EVERYTHING,*** BUT IT'S A START FOR GIVING YOU THE TOOLS TO HANDLE IT.

'LEAST IT WAS FOR ME.

DAMN, DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE SEEING ANYONE.

I MEAN, IT'S BETWEEN ME AND MY DOCTOR, BUT I WOULD HAVE TOLD YOU ABOUT HER EVENTUALLY.

I GUESS I JUST NEVER REALLY THOUGHT I COULD TALK TO ANYONE BECAUSE OF THE, YOU KNOW, **HERO** STUFF.

USED TO HAVE NO PROBLEM HANDLING THAT KINDA STUFF, BUT...LAST TIME... WITH CARNAGE...IT WAS DIFFERENT.

GO ON, TELL ME.

"I GOT HURT.* BAD. REAL BAD. AND I DIDN'T THINK I WAS GONNA MAKE IT, TI."

*SEE **MILES MORALES: SPIDER-MAN #7!** --TOMMY

IF IT WASN'T FOR IRON MAN, I DON'T THINK I WOULD HAVE. THAT AND LOSING THE HOUSE JUST KINDA, WELL, BROKE ME.

AWW, MILES, BABE. YOU'RE NOT BROKEN. YOU'RE ***BURDENED.*** AND IT'LL BE THE FIRST STEP TO LIFTIN' THAT WEIGHT.

RUMBLE

AGAIN?!

ANOTHER FAKE OUT?

TI, PLEASE TELL ME YOU BROUGHT YOUR SUIT.

YEAH, OF COURSE. WHY?

GOOD...

"...'CAUSE I THINK THIS MIGHT BE THE REAL DEAL."

WHERE IS IT? IT SHOULD-- YES!

TAKIN'... YOU...WITH ME... FREAK.

HUH?

SECURITY RE-ENGAGE

KLK

YOU DESERVE A MUCH SLOWER DEATH FOR THAT! BUT TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE!

KRAK

BATTA

BATTA

BATTA

BATTA

GLORIFIED RC PLANES?! HAHAHA!

IT REALLY IS THE SMALL THINGS IN LIFE!

BOOM

KA

RUMBLE

HOBGOBLIN?!
WHO THE HELL IS THIS GUY?!
SPIDER-MAN?!
WHAT A LUCKY DAY!
THE BLACKEST NIGHT

AGGH! HAVEN'T MADE THIS SPIDEY BLEED IN A WHILE. I LOOK FORWARD TO IT.

THERE ARE TWO OF US, CREEP!

AND YOU BROUGHT A NEW VULTURE WITH YOU TOO?!

IT'S STARLING, WACKO!

THUNK

STARLING, WE CAN'T DO THIS OUT THERE-- TOO MANY PEOPLE COULD GET HURT.

I'M OPEN TO PITCHES, MAN!

WE GET HIM BACK INSIDE NOW!

HOLD ON TIGHT, WEIRDO.

DAMMIT. SPIDEY-SENSE IS STILL OFF!

ZZZT

GAH--YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WITH SOME HELP!

EMERGENCY CONTAINMENT PROTOCOLS ENGAGED. TOTAL FACILITY LOCKDOWN COMMENCING. PLEASE CONTACT THE NEAREST BEYOND SAFETY OFFICER.

YOU'RE ONLY PROLONGING THIS!

WHAT THE HELL IS *BEYOND?!*

NOTHING BUT BAD NEWS.

EXPERIMENTAL TECH. META-GENETIC MANIPULATION. INTERDIMENSIONAL TRAVEL--

SHADY AS HELL MEGA CONGLOMERATE-- GOT IT. SO IT'S NOT GREAT THAT HOBGOBLIN'S BROKEN INTO THEIR WAREHOUSE.

REALLY NOT GREAT. IF HE'S AFTER *THEIR* TECH--

BACK UP, BIG GUY. LOOKS LIKE WE'RE LOCKED IN HERE WITH THIS CLOWN.

THEN WE CAN'T LET HIM LEAVE. MAN, WAS REALLY HOPING WE COULD JUST EAT TOO MUCH FOOD AND SEE A SHOW.

THIS IS THE LIFE WE CHOOSE.

DON'T KNOW WHAT THE BEYOND EGGHEADS WERE USING THIS TECH FOR...

...BUT I CAN REALIZE ITS TRUE POTENTIAL!

SO I THINK IT'S TIME TO TAKE OUT THE LAST PAWNS AND MAKE ROOM FOR THE QUEEN!

QUEEN? WHO THE HELL IS HE TALKING ABOUT?!

BEYONCÉ?

THWIP!

GAAAAH!

WE GOTTA MOVE!

CAN'T HAVE ANY LOOSE ENDS, SPIDER! BUT KNOW YOU'RE DYING FOR A GREATER CAUSE!

THERE'RE TOO MANY! GOTTA SEPARATE!

MANIAC'S GONNA BRING DOWN THE WHOLE DAMN BUILD--

WAAAAH!

NGGGGHHH!

STARLING-- AFGGGGH!

RWAAAGH

ER ER ER

-:COUGH:-
-:COUGH:- S-SPIDER-MAN? YOU THERE?

SLAP

DAMMIT, MORE SHUTTERS! AND I GOT SEPARATED FROM MILES. GUESS I'LL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER WAY OUT!

CAN'T SEE A DAMN THING DOWN HERE.

GOTTA FIND MILES AND GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE.

PWWWZ

PLACE IS A DISASTER. AND FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, I GOT BLASTED DOWN THROUGH TO SOME KINDA SUB-BASEMENT.

RATTLE

HUH?

RATTLE

WAIT, WHAT THE HELL ARE--?!

MAN. I ABSOLUTELY CANNOT HAVE ANY MORE BUILDINGS FALL ON ME THIS YEAR.

PLUS, MY SPIDER-SENSE IS ***STILL*** WONKY, AND IT'S THROWING ME OFF. AND WITH HOBGOBLIN ACTIN' EXTRA CRAZY TODAY, I NEED TO BE AS ALERT AS--

kreeeek

SOMETHING'S HERE!

...YOU?

YOU'RE SO JUMPY, YOU'RE TAKING OUT ROOMBAS. MAYBE TIANA WAS RIGHT ABOUT TALKING TO SOMEONE.

THERE!

GOT...

TWIP!

JUST A...DRONE? C'MON, MILES. PULL IT TOGETHER, BOY.

I HAVE TO GET MY SPIDEY-SENSE WORKED OUT...

...'CAUSE THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT'S OUT THERE WAITING FOR ME.

TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT:

MILES MORALES:

SPIDER-MAN

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and let us know if your message is "OKAY TO PRINT."

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